

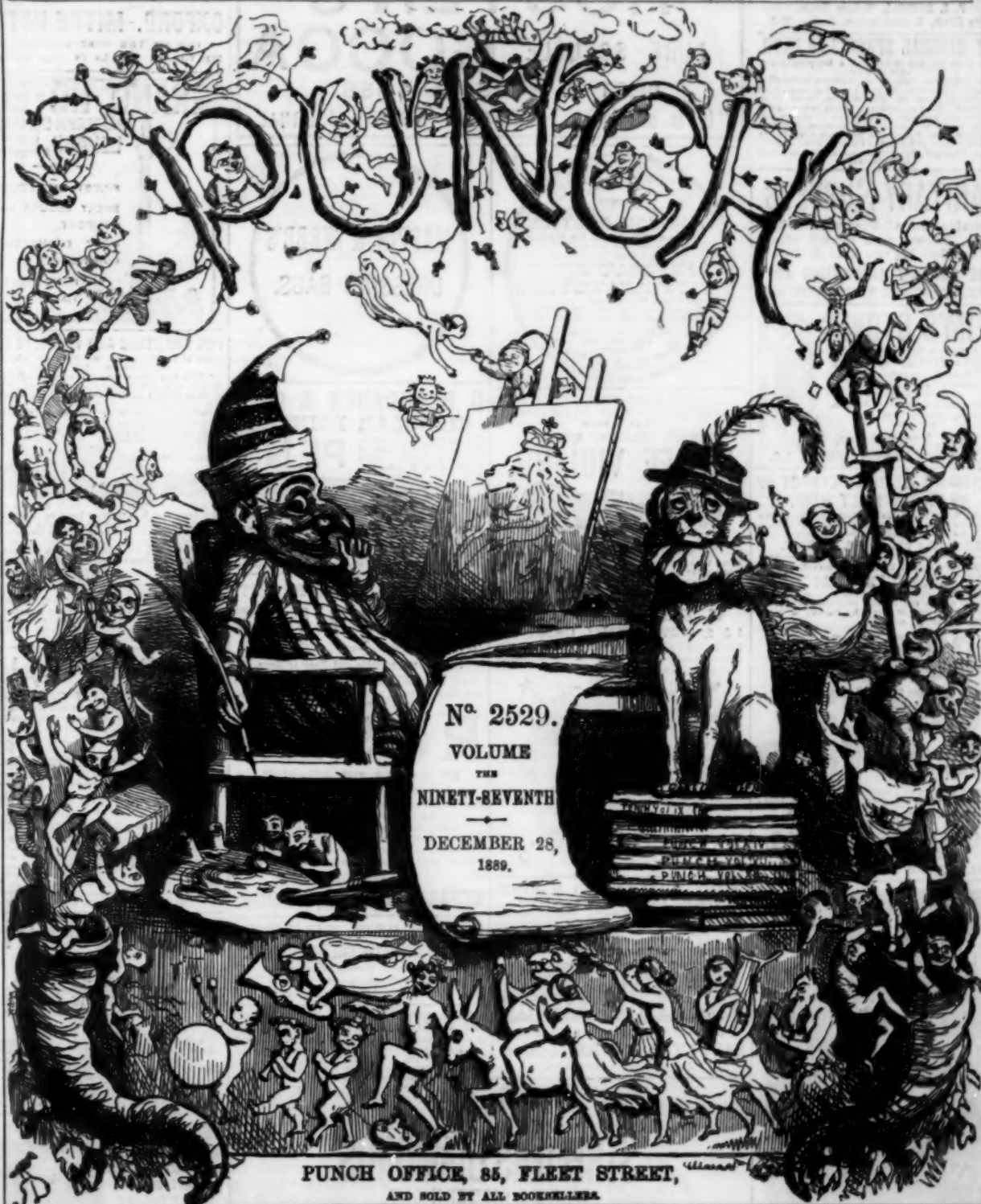
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EVERY LUXURY AND COMFORT.
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there is nothing more suitable than ARBENT'S
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Either Gold, Platinum, or Vulcanite, keeping the Plates and Teeth bright and clean as when new; preserves Vulcanite, and keeps it sweet; thoroughly disinfects and deodorizes every kind of artificial appliance. Children's Regulation Plates, &c. Recommended by eminent Dentists. In boxes, 1s. 6d., through any Chemist, or post free from C. L. W. & CO., CHEMIST, RUSTINGTON, S.W.

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USED IN ALL HOSPITALS.
CONDY'S RESPIRATORY FLUID.
For Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Ulcerated Throat. Safe, speedy, cheap gargle.
SORE THROAT CURED IN A FEW HOURS.
Slight cases cut short at once.

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Is the well-known Cleansing Healing Lotion. For Wounds, Foul Sores, Ulcers, Cancers, Burns. Invaluable as a Lotion, Gargle, or Injection. Book of directions and medical reports with each bottle, or sent by post on application to
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BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE
GOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS, IN ELEGANT CRYSTAL TOILET CASKET
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PRICE 1/-

JUSTICE ABROAD AT HOME—AND AT HOME ABROAD!

AT HOME.

SCENE—Interior of a Coroner's Court. Languid audience. Proprietor-responsible-for-death accommodated with a chair.



Coroner (concluding speech). I am sure, Gentlemen of the Jury, that you could not possibly have come to any other conclusion, and I congratulate you upon your verdict. That the accident was purely accidental is self-evident, and if the respected Proprietor might have made regulations causing that accident to be less likely to happen (as your rider would seem to suggest) why, no doubt that fact will have in the future due weight with him. Of course, we must all feel sympathy with the widows and orphans of the deceased, and it is gratifying to think that they will rest satisfied we have done what lays in our power to assist them. I have now much pleasure in declaring this inquiry at an end.

[Ezeunt omnes. Proprietor-responsible-for-death, lolls in his brougham comfortably home to partake of a well-cooked dinner.]

ABROAD.

SCENE—Interior of a Criminal Court. Excited Audience. Proprietor-responsible-for-death standing in the Dock.

Judge (concluding speech). I am quite sure, Gentlemen of the Jury, that you could not possibly have come to any other conclusion, and I congratulate you upon your verdict. That the so-called accident could have been prevented is self-evident, and it is to be hoped that the lesson you have read to the disgraced and ruined Proprietor will have its due effect. We all sympathise with the widows and orphans for their great loss, but they will be consoled by the thought that, through your action, they have been avenged. The Court stands adjourned.

[Ezeunt omnes. Proprietor-responsible-for-death being carted off to prison, there to undergo a long spell of penal servitude.]

OLD PUNCHKIEL'S PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1890.

It is with no light heart that Old PUNCHKIEL enters upon his solemn duties of enlightenment and warning. The Stellar voices are less definite this year than he could wish, and he has had the greatest difficulty in making out what the dickens it is they do mean. However, a Prophet that respects himself would scorn to hedge, and Old PUNCHKIEL issues his predictions as usual, merely reminding searchers after truth that stars will play the fool occasionally.

January.—Mars retrograding before Taurus into the 1st House of Saturn will prove a subject for profound study, for it is certain to be followed by a public inquiry into the efficiency of our Army, which will be the subject of much discussion in the newspapers. Persons engaged in philosophical research or the sale of cat's meat whose birthday anniversary falls on or near the 14th, are warned to beware of over-indulgence in pastry.

February.—The Sun is with the Infortunes, and meets with opposition from Saturn, so that little warm or cheerful weather can be expected. The sign Pisces rules Putney, Peckham, Peables, and Little Pedlington, and social upheavals of an alarming nature may therefore be expected at all these places, with earthquakes of varying degrees of violence. On or about the 14th, there will be a notable display of Coloured Satirical Portraiture. Persons born on the 29th, in either 1785, 1802, 1841, or 1869 (especially if the Moon was in the second decanate of the sign ♄ at their birth) will have no particular reason for congratulating themselves.

March.—At the vernal ingress Mercury, progressing in the sign Gemini, will bring trouble on Moscow and Margate. At Teddington, the luminaries will be in the midheaven, and the London County Council will accordingly be the scene of intense excitement, personal remarks being freely interchanged. Single ladies, whose birthday anniversary falls on or about the 4th or 5th inst., will obtain heavy damages in any action for breach of promise of marriage, unless born in any year previous to 1842.

April.—Mars entering into his own lion will create considerable surprise in those unused to such phenomena, and may affect the funds unfavourably on more than one Continental Exchange. The sign Taurus rules Ireland, and a further development in Home Rule may be looked for. In the latter part of this month, Jupiter becomes stationary in Cancer, and afflicts the Beadle of a well-known and popular Arcade, who is warned to beware of shell-fish. The 1st is fortunate for practical jokers. The 21st is an evil day for hatters

born on or about the 8th of November, whose ascendant, or Moon, held the 14th degree of Aquarius; they should have a care of accidents by steam-circuses and tight-ropes.

May.—Saturn progressing in the meridional degree of West Brompton will render this month memorable in English History. At the new Moon Mercury is in the ascendant, accordingly we shall soon hear of an improvement in the weather, and the outbreak of German measles amongst the Ojibbeway Indians. Saturn retrograding in ♄ brings trouble on the Emperor of CHINA, who will suffer from a cold in the head. The trade and commerce of Bognor will be considerably augmented. There will be trouble in Tooley Street.

June.—Jupiter is now in benefic aspect with the Moon, and forming the trine aspect with the Sun, thereby benefitting Brentford and the Bahamas. In either Boulogne, Westward-Ho, Oban, Tenby, or Timbuctoo, there will be serious émeutes, the military having to be called out. Conspirators in Cyprus and the Isle of Wight will become daring. In Kamschatka, there will be trouble with the Dervishes. Towards the close of the month Saturn re-enters the sign Aries, and proceeds to disturb and afflict Huntingdonshire, and Westbourne Grove. The Akond of Swat will be in danger.

July.—The stationary position of Venus on Scorpio is of evil omen to all who are fond of sitting out of doors, and Venus making a hasty transit to the house of Virgo, occults the Moon and brings disaster upon many popular places of entertainment. Neptune also afflicts persons at the seaside who go out in sailing vessels immediately after lunch. Saturn is in quartile with Mars, which infortune is about to transit the place of the Moon at the birth of a celebrated Low Comedian, who will do well to accept the warning. About this time a new comedy will be produced at a *Matinée* at one of the principal London theatres.

August.—Mars and Saturn are now afflicting the horoscope of a well-known umbrella-manufacturer, causing great perplexity and trouble to certain Continental Powers, and some confusion in Camberwell and the vicinity. The warrior-angel of Mars may put in an appearance. Prussia feels the effects of the presence of Uranus in her ruling sign, but gains to some extent by the conjunction of Jupiter with Mercury; the funds will droop on the London Stock Exchange, and bad eggs will be hatched in great abundance. Foreign questions will be very difficult of solution.

September.—Saturn reaches the opposition of the place of the Lunar Eclipse of last May, and brings further trouble on the Shetland Islands. The Sea-Serpent will be heard of again, and several topics of great social interest will be discussed at some length in the correspondence-columns of the daily newspapers. Beyond this the voices of the Stars are silent for this month.

October.—As the benefic Jupiter is in the 1st decanate of the 7th house, and speeding through the sign of Pisces at the New Moon, we may anticipate earthquakes in Cappadocia, Paphlagonia and Primrose Hill. Persons who go out shooting during this month without previous experience of firearms, will bring home big bags, but are warned to act prudently and use a small size of shot.

November.—The numerous configurations of Venus in her conjunctions with Mars are the chief astrological features of this month, and fan the flame of fanaticism at Faversham, Freshwater, Folkestone, and Friesland. There will be street demonstrations on or about the 5th, to express abhorrence of an abominable act of treachery by a well-known public character. The ruling powers of several London Music-Halls will find it hard to weather the storm. There will be a serious strike among London Housebreakers, who will demand shorter hours of labour, freedom from police interference, and a larger share of the profits of their industry.

December.—The passage of Uranus from the sign Aries into Capricornus will, it is to be feared, keep the School Board very busy, and the total eclipse of the Sun at the moment of ruling the 10th House in quartile aspect with Uranus, Saturn being in the ascendant, may have an injurious effect upon many eminent pawnbrokers and ventriloquists. However, Old PUNCHKIEL does not wish to take too gloomy a view of the future, and trusts that he may have invested the message of the Stars with too serious a significance. This is really all he can possibly undertake to prophesy for the money.

THE BOND STREET ART-ERY.

"CHANGE of scene is as good as change of air!" Therefore going to DOWDESWELLS' is as good as a trip to Monte Carlo—for they are always changing the scene at this Gallery. The latest change is "Some Places of Note in England," by BIRKET FOSTER, which includes about fifty drawings by this artist, in his best manner. If we had space we would write on this subject at length, but we have not; so, although this notice is about BIRKET FOSTER, we're forced to burke it. Ha! ha! In addition to these, you will find a series of drawings in silver-point—full of grace and delicacy, by C. SAINTON, and a collection of clever pictures, by W. A. BREAKSPEARE, illustrative of TENNYSON's poems. He must be a clever artist who would splinter a lance with BREAKSPEARE. This artist should take for his motto, "Breakspearentia does it." He! he!!



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR DECEMBER.

PUNCH'S PRIZES.

WHAT a Christmas Return! How the hall-lights burn upon juvenile faces expectant and jolly, Whilst Materfamilias, bland and unbilious, stands, arms akimbo, beneath the green holly.

And Paterfamilias *Punch* comes *crunch, crunch*, up the snow-cumbered steps with his dog and his gingham;

The herald of Prizes of all sorts and sizes,—it taxed a capacious four-wheeler to bring 'em.

The "Growler," you know, is out there in the snow, where the many-caped Cabby is stamping and puffing,

And trying with care to sum up his big "fare," which, with so many parcels and packages stuffing

The stuffy inside, very carefully tied up in every description of brown-paper polygon,

Claims calculation. The bairns' jubilation will last e'en when Yule-Tide is over, and holly gone.

For only consider, each valorous bidder for Christmassy purchasers' liberal patronage,

Caters, in sooth, for all stages of youth, mature manhood's fancy, and likings of matron age.

Oh, the wild joys of Books, Pictures, and Toys! MARCUS WARD'S many marvels, TOM SMITH'S bon-bon Crackers, Dollie Dimple's fine Dresses, which every girl blesses, the parcels, so cheap, and the prizes,—“such whackers!”

Of the English Toy Manufacturing Co. That reminds one of *Truth's* mighty Toy Exhibition,

With its vocal donkeys, and climbing monkeys, and dollies of every dress and description;

O happy children of the new generation, to whom Toyland's wonders are familiar matters!

What a world of pleasure when, o'er each rare treasure, the rich child triumphs or the poor child chatters!

Now, Cabby, trundle up another bundle! Here be Games galore. Messrs. A. N. MYERS

Send "Military Chess," which you lads will confess might tax Lord WOLSELEY and such high-flyers,

Were they only boys again, and turned hands to toys again. Then WRIGHT & Company, who are far from wrong in it,

Send a game called "Rings, or Table Archery," which you'll like, no doubt, when you find you're strong in it.

But "Flitterhens" verily you will greet right merrily. It's a sort of a Drawing-Room Table Lawn Tennis, And though for children it is probably intended, it a capital game for grown women and men is.

GOODALL'S game, "Our Ship," take your *Punch's* tip, is well worth trying, whilst their stationery May be commended; and their "Savoy Calendar" with Gilbertian quotations is amusing, very.

As to Books, there's a lot. Mr. DAVID STOTT sends the *Essays of Elia*, in compass tiny;

But although compact, 'tis a pleasant fact that the type is clear, and the paper shiny.

The *Grey River* (from SEELEY & Co.) is really an *édition de luxe*; therein many an etching

By MORTIMER MENPES makes Old Father Thames e'en at dirty Deptford extremely "fetching."

DOUGHTY'S *Friesland Meres* (SAMPSON LOW) appears an account of a Voyage in a Norfolk wherry

Through the Netherlands, and one understands from its pleasant pictures that the trip was merry.

W. W. LLOYD, who has been employed *On Active Service*, has given an account of it.

A Soldier's life suggests stir and strife, and the author seems to have seen "any amount of it."

CASSELL'S *Magazine of Art* plays a leading part in artistic matters, and deserves its popularity,

And—but there, friend Cabby, 'twould be almost shabby to keep you longer at this season of Charity



Whilst I tell the tale, for which time would fail, of all the Books and the Toys of the Season.

Have a glass of toddy? Almost everybody will consider it harmless, if 'tis supped in reason.

Now, boys and girls, as the white snow whirls, let us close the doors, and discuss at leisure

Each Yule-Tide treasure that your *Punchy* brings you, with paternal pleasure it were hard to measure!

THE FICTION OF THE SEASON.

Ancient and Modern.

YESTERDAY'S GENIALITY. (1869.)

THE room was decorated with holly and mistletoe! The children danced, while their elders shouted with merriment! Neighbour greeted neighbour, and relative shook relative warmly by both hands! The spirit of the season was unlimited amiability! The portraits of the ancestors glowed in the ruddy flicker of the Yule log, and the ancient armour sparkled and shone in the soft light of scores of wax candles. Here was played a game of Blind Man's Buff, there a venerable dame told many a weird old legend to a throng of open-mouthed curly-headed listeners. Outside the Hall, the red-nosed carol-singers made night melodious with sweet songs of other days; while the bells in the church hard-by pealed out joyous strains in honour of the coming day. As midnight tolled away the last minutes of December 24, the master of the house, raising high a glass of steaming punch, drank the health of everyone, and wished them joy!

And thus was Christmas celebrated!

TO-DAY'S DYSPEPSIA. (1889.)

The room was empty, save where an unpaid bill marked the season of the year. The children had gone supperless to bed, and their elders were some weeping, others grinding their teeth with impotent rage. Neighbour out neighbour, and relative struck relative out of their respective wills. The spirit of the season was unlimited discontent. The portraits of the ancestors long ago sent for sale to Wardour Street remained neglected under a pile of miscellaneous lumber, and the ancient armour was in their close vicinity. Here was played the game of distraint for rent, there an unpaid and venerable laundress told many an unpleasant story to a throng of idling, open-mouthed servants. Outside the house the blue-nosed roysterer fought it out with the policeman, making night hideous with his yells and imprecations; and the bells in the church hard-by appropriately tolled out the expiring moments of a day that had begun, continued, and ended in misery!

As midnight approached, and the 25th of December took the place of the 24th, the master of the house, who had been concocting a dose of subtle poison from the red and white berries of the holly and mistletoe, raised it to his lips, drank it, and expired!

And thus was Christmas celebrated!

"SCENES OF OUR CHILDHOOD."

"Tis the voice of the Clown, who's of course HARRY PAYNE,
Who will come to the front with, "We're here once again!"



And welcome the Boxing Night crowd
in the Lane.
His services long may old Drury re-
tain;
But, if the good old "Comic Scenes"
don't remain,
The public and PAYNE will have cause
to complain,
For Pantomime's certainly not on the
wane.
The man who asserts it we'd reckon
insane,
Much madder by far than was Hamlet
the Dane.
We hope that in DEURIOLANUS's reign
He'll give us much pleasure and still
much more PAYNE;

For we're not of those who think clowning insane,
Good clowning we mean, and so we would feign
See four "Comic Scenes" 'stead of two at the Lane.
To public and manager 'twould be a gain,
Tho' how, we are now at a loss to explain;
For details and facts are so dry in the main,
Like a pony that hasn't been out in the rain.
Perhaps, a sly hint from the Lord Chamberlain,
Or a wink or a nod from Sir PONSORRY-FANE,
And if the next Pantomime then should contain
The scenes of our childhood which dormant have lain,
We shall not have written this doggerel in vain.

UNLIMITED WATER-LOO.

Bogus Place, E.C.

SIR.—Having received a Circular from the Secretary of the
"Waterloo Exhibition of Relics and Trophies" (a display which,
taken with a Panorama, of the greatest possible interest to every
True Briton, should form, as no doubt it will, a combination of
unrivalled attractiveness) inviting contributions to the Collection,
and with an eye to securing the Special Season Ticket promised to
every Exhibitor, I have quickly rubbed up my historical associa-
tions, and have provided the Committee with the following "items,"
that, I think, you will admit ought to obtain ready acceptance.

1. An authentic likeness of the great Duke in the shape of a
China Bed-room Candle Extinguisher, handsomely gilt, with eye-
brows, whiskers, and cheeks picked out in appropriately striking and
showy colouring.

2. Twenty pairs of Bluchers, in very fair condition (secured from
an East-End Bootmaker), supposed, one of them, to have been worn
by the great Prussian General, possibly at the battle itself, and the
others during the succeeding occupation of Paris.

3. Plan Model of the disposition of the contending forces at the
representation of the battle on the stage of Astley's Theatre in 1837,
when the British Army (including WELLINGTON and his Staff) num-
bered eight and one Comic Irishwoman, and the last charge of the
French Imperial Guard was conducted by seven supers, exclusive of
NAPOLEON himself and a Low Comedy Drum-Major.

4. Authentic account furnished by the executors of General
PICTON (who heard it himself), of the celebrated retort of NAPOLEON
to MOLLY the Comic Irishwoman referred to above, when in reply to
her styling his Imperial troops "a set of low Black-guards," he
delivered himself of the memorable phrase, "Madame, the Guard
never yields: it only retires."

5. Autographs and hitherto unpublished letters of both NAPOLEON
and WELLINGTON. N.B. As (this, of course, in strict confidence) I
furnish these entirely myself, it will be seen at once that they must
prove quite an unprecedented novelty, and, therefore, an attraction,
in any collection of the kind.

6. Relics of the great battle. Again N.B. (in confidence). I
get these manufactured on the spot at Bruxelles, and as they are
supplied to me by the dozen, you will see at once, what a valuable
addition I can guarantee the Exhibition from this source alone.

7. Crumbs collected from the first Waterloo Banquet, preserved
by the Grandson of a Waiter present on the occasion.

The above, Sir, are all the "items" that at the present moment
occur to me, but I think you will confess that, if considered suitable
attractions for their "Spacious Lounge" by Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS
and his co-directors, they will not fail to afford additional gratification
to the general public, and in so doing will fittingly have earned a
Special Season Ticket for the Exhibition of the Relics and Trophies
of that glorious and never-to-be-forgotten victory of the British Army,
Waterloo, for yours enterprisingly, ONE WHO WASN'T THERE.

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

THIRD ENTRY.

ON my homeward way reflect that if all trades fail, that of a
Scholastic Agent might offer a modest competency. Has fate in
store for me a partnership with FLEECHEM—also with JINKS? Wonder
vaguely if JINKS is a second FLEECHEM, only more so. If FLEECHEM
is the show man of the establishment, what must JINKS be like?

As I am making an educational day of it, decide after lunch to
call on one or two old College chums who, I know, have "adopted
the Scholastic Profession," as the Governor says. It being their
holidays, I may find them in Town—BLOGGINS among the number.

Old BLOGGINS, a thoroughly good sort, but rather an ass, I used
to think, tells me he is making a clear five hundred a year at Sher-
borough, "without counting private pups, which is extra."

"Then you get no end of jolly rides over the downs," he goes on.
Nice of BLOGGINS to say "you." Makes me feel as if I were already
in the educational swim, and not a rank outsider. Better to be an
out-rider (or rider out on the Sherborough Downs) than an out-sider!
Fancy old BLOGGINS riding! Begin rather to wish I were in old
BLOGGINS's shoes—or rather old BLOGGINS's saddle.

So far he has not mentioned the actual work of the profession.

"Do you like the business?" I ask.

"Rather! Boys jolly little cubs. Only I can't see them very
well, I'm so short-sighted. Kept in the wrong boy for two hours one
day—didn't find out mistake till afterwards," BLOGGINS chuckles.

"Work hard?" I inquire.

"Oh, tolerably," he replies, as if this were an unimportant con-
sideration. "And there are such jolly long holidays!"

I leave BLOGGINS in contented (and selfish?) enjoyment of his five
hundred, and go on to another friend, who has already blossomed
into a keeper of a hostel (why "hostel"? Query—affected?), and
educational swell at the ancient academy at Rugby.

I put the usual leading questions.

"Jolly place, Rugby," he replies. "No end of rook-shooting
near. And fishing. Damp and cold? Oh no. Hard work? Well,
you can make it hard, you know, if you like." Here he winks
knowingly. "And the best of the trade is, the holidays are so jolly
long!" Mem.—Most popular feature about work of "Scholastic
Profession" (Governor again) seems to be the unrivalled oppor-
tunities given for not working at it.

Tell the Governor in the evening that "there seems no opening in
the scholastic line." He replies that "that is no news to him,
because," he adds, with unnecessary sarcasm, "by my account, the
present is a close time in all the professions."

And this after I have tramped about all day and got nothing!

THE LASS OF FASHION.

A LADY Correspondent who wishes to write for a Society journal
is good enough to ask us what style she should adopt. We can only
counsel our fair friend to make as free a use as possible of the

favourite words in the Society journalist's
vocabulary—such as "function," "frocks,"
"bravery," "bloom," and, above all,
"smart." "Smart" was formerly em-
ployed only by servant-girls in reference
to their finery. But now the mistress and
all her surroundings are "smart"—the
people she visits, the people who visit her,
all that is worn at an entertainment, and
the entertainment itself. Of whatever lunch,
dinner, ball, or general reception, our
amiable interrogator may have to speak,
let her always call it a "function." It
must be a "smart" function, moreover,
and must be attended by "smart" people.
The Ladies present must not wear dresses,
but "frocks," and they may be effectively
described as appearing in "all the bravery"
of silks and satins. If any of them carry
bouquets, the flowers of which these bouquets are composed must
be called "blooms." Our charming questioner must never say,
in a direct manner, that Mrs. SMITH (for example) wore a blue
gown; she must remark that Mrs. SMITH "looked well in blue."
But, above all, let her, too, be "smart."



AGENDA.—The *Athenaeum* says, that a novel feature in the *Windsor*
Peagee will be the omission of the ladies' ages. The book ought to
be called the *Windsor Non-age*. A man is as old as he feels, a
woman as old as she looks. Why does not some enterprising pub-
lisher bring out a volume illustrated with ladies' photographs, with
particulars of their marriage portion, and call it the *Dot-age*. That
would certainly come "as a boon and a blessing to men."

ODE.

On the Pleasure arising from Ginger-cake.

SKYLARK, that dost the morning wake
Up in the pearly heights of dawn,
Or when its diadal splendours break
In streaks of empyrean brawn,
Be not so proud, thou canst not make,
As CHLOE can, a ginger-cake.

O thou fleet-footed fawn,
That through the glade dost lightly take
Thy dappled way, and scarcely shake
The dewdrops from the lawn,
Be not so proud; thou canst not make,
As CHLOE can, a ginger-cake.

O beefen herds of browsing steak,
That sweeten all the air around,
Rich milk you give, and many a pound
Of butter, fresh as primroses;
You cannot make a ginger-cake
As CHLOE can, with perfect ease.

O chanticleer, who flap'st thy wings
Before the watchful lark upsprings
And sound'st thy clarion, ere the flakes
Of the on-rushing daylight's foam
Whiten the fields where the stars roam,
Thou ken'st of many mystic things
But not a whit of ginger-cakes,
Which golden-headed CHLOE makes.

O nightingale, that trill'st thy pearly note,
While yet the Easter breezes coldly blow,
Gargling with tender song thy strained throat
Melting the moonless night with raptured
woe,
And charming all the budded bower,
Though all around thee is in flower,
Yet cooking is, proud bird, beyond the
warbler's power;
And CHLOE makes delicious cakes,
Albeit, as yet, she hath not charmed a bower.

Not, Cake, from greedy love of thee,
The bard is fain thy praise to sing,
But that all Nature's minstrelsy,
All woodland craft of foot and wing
All magic of the budding spring,
All that most moves that inner love,
Which thrills to tokens from above,
Unite in this their praise to bring
To amber-headed CHLOE's feet—
Like her, they pretty are or sweet.
Like her, they make a world of joy
When winter stings, or wasps annoy,
In this on common ground they meet—
Yet, not transcending Nature's plan,
They cannot make a ginger-cake,
And CHLOE can.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Allan's Wife, and Other Stories*, Mr. RIDER HAGGARD brings together his old puppets, *Hunter Quatermain*, *Sir Henry Curtis*, and *Captain Goode*, and the result is *Allan's Wife, and Other Stories*, of which the first one, which gives the title to the book, is far and away the best, being full of sensational effects and scenes of the weirdest Riderest Haggardest imagination. Capital book.

Randolph Caldecott's Sketches—Published by SAMPOSON LOW & Co. Highly recommended by the faculty. Those who are interested in the black-and-white art, will find any amount of material for study in this collection, which has been carefully and lovingly made by Mr. HENRY BLACKBURN, who has written a short but valuable introduction. Before CALDECOTT settled down to his own delightful style, he had imitated LEECH, DOYLE and GAVARNI. There is a scene before the Magistrate in a Police Court which might have been an early LEECH, when he was illustrating ALBERT SMITH's works; the DOYLE-like outline etchings are evident at once. The



AT SIR LOVELACE MASHINGTON'S, M.D., &c., &c.

First Patient (in the hat). "AND WHAT DID SIR LOVELACE SAY TO YOU, DEAR?"

Second Ditto (in the bonnet). "HE TOLD ME I REQUIRED VERY CAREFUL WATCHING, AND THAT HE MUST SEE ME THREE TIMES A WEEK FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS. AND YOU?"

First P. "OH, HE SAID THAT CHANGE OF CLIMATE WAS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY, AND THAT I MUST START FOR NEW ZEALAND AT ONCE."

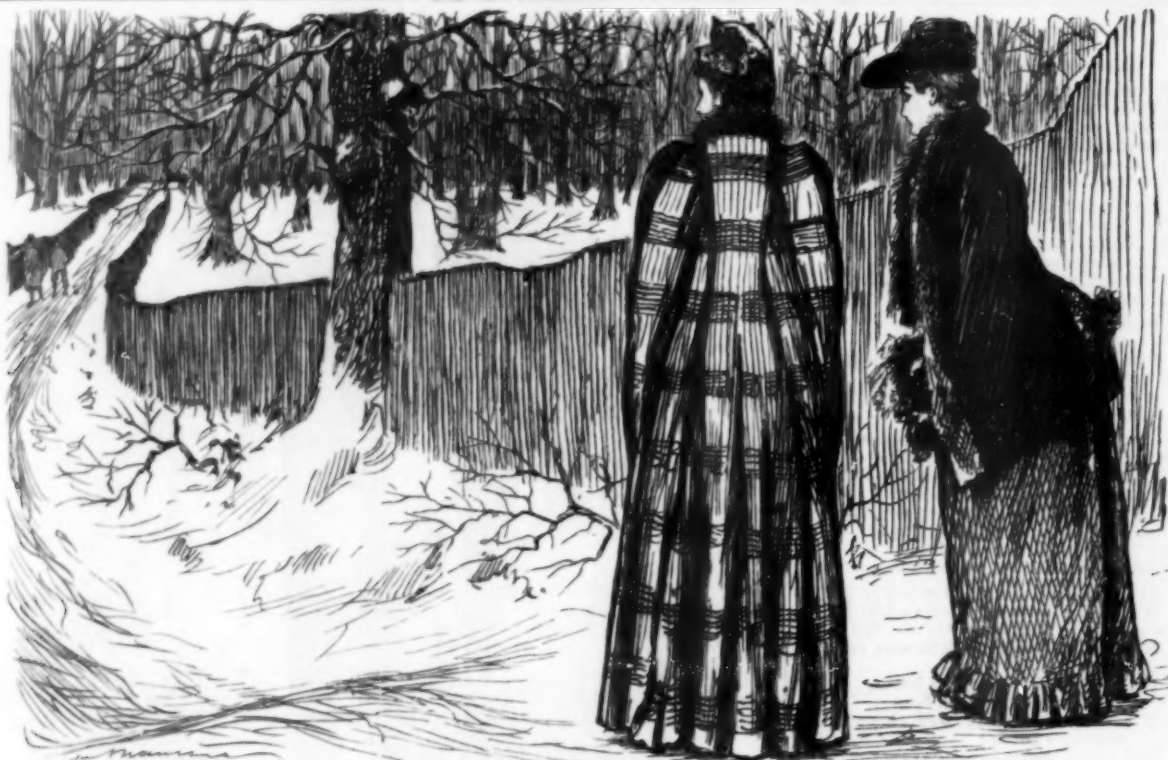
Scotchman in the sketch representing the types of the three nationalities might be from the pencil of GAVARNI, and even the influence of the comicalities of SEYMOUR and HOOD are recognisable. "Banking Days in Manchester" is distinctly LEECH. "My Show Day," might be the work of a French artist, and "Races on the High Road," reminds one forcibly of RICHARD DOYLE's sketches abroad. There are very few purely and simply CALDECOTT, and among them are "The Three Huntsmen," and the poetic etching on the last page of all, placed appropriately and with a touching reverence, on the last page of all that ends this gifted artist's short-lived history. Were the book four times its price, which is the modest sum of Two-and-Six, it would be worth the money. "Buy it," says the Baron.

A London Plane Tree. There is an indescribable sadness pervading this last volume of verses by the clever young author of *The Romance of a Shop and Reuben Sachs*. The author was evidently a Londoner, loving London as only a true Londoner can. On every page there is evidence of what admirable work AMY LEVY would have achieved; and in connection with her early death there is a touching realism about the very last line in the volume—"On me the cloud descends."

Anxiously do we wait for the appearance of MONTAGU WILLIAMS's *Reminiscences*, which are to be ushered into the world by Messrs. MACMILLAN, BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

P.S.—The Baron, who has to do a considerable amount of scribbling while journeying by road, by river, or by rail, has hitherto used the simple pencil, or a useful and invaluable patent one with long lasting lead. But lately he has been using the Fountain Pen, and, as long as it keeps itself in good order, there is no doubt of its superiority over any pencil, and general utility from the travelling scribe's point of view. The Baron doesn't feel justified in pronouncing the Fountain Pen absolutely perfect. But it is the best of its kind within his experience. What has to be invented is a small handy writing-pad, which can be firmly grasped in the left hand, and give sufficient margin for resting the right hand while writing in train or cab. "The Author's Paper-Pad" is near it, but not the thing. Something thicker is required, an inch or so less width, and with three times the quantity of sheets in each pad. At present, of this pad it may be said, "Pad's the best," and the Baron has found it remarkably useful.

THE CYNIC'S CHRISTMAS.—A holly mockery.



THE WORST OF 'A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING!'

Laura. "OH, CHARLOTTE, HOW DREADFUL! THERE COMES YOUNG MR. MARSHALL, WALKING WITH YOUR HUSBAND! I'VE JUST RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HIM, ASKING ME TO BE HIS WIFE—AND I HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND WHETHER TO ACCEPT HIM OR NOT!"

"GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS!"

(At Sea in His Own Bowl.)

Mr. Punch.

THE Wise Men of Gotham who sailed in a bowl,
Were boobies beyond all compare;
But, Good Father Christmas, you worthy old soul,
What do you, friend, *dans cette galère*?
The weather is stormy, the billows run high,
The horizon looks bodingly black;
Don't you think you had better, old bottle-nose, try
And see if you cannot put back?
That Bowl, for a jorum of Punch, is all right;
But viewed as a bark, its security's slight.

Father Christmas.

You do not suppose, my sagacious old friend,
That I'm tumbling out here from pure choice?
'Tisn't pleasant, and goodness knows how it will end,
But in it I'd hardly a voice.
What's come to humanity, hanged if I know!
They welcomed me warmly of old.
Though I came as a rule in the season of snow,
Faith, nought but the weather was cold.
The Yule log burned briskly, all doors were set wide;
Now—look at me, tossed up and down on this tide!

Mr. Punch.

Humph! Pride, Party Spirit, Political Strife,
Social Prejudice, Greed and Class Hate,

Are making a pretty nice mess of our life,
And playing the deuce with the State.
But I didn't expect to see you in this swim,
You popular, pleasant old boy!
The sea's precious choppy, the distance looks dim,
Your voyage you cannot enjoy.
If they treat you like this, set adrift in a squall,
It will serve them quite right if you don't come at all.

Father Christmas.

Oh, I shall be true to my task, and my time,
But the Season of Peace and Goodwill
To spoil in this way is a folly and crime.
(Ste-a-a-dy, bowl! I begin to feel ill.)
What with furious politics, scandals, and strikes,

There seem general ructions all round;
Whilst mortals are snarling like quarrelsome tykes,
What use for the Yule-bells to sound?
Though their meaning of course is the same now as then:

'Tis Peace upon Earth and Goodwill unto Men!

Mr. Punch.

Peace?—with all the nations and classes at war!
Goodwill?—in a world full of hate! [our Old friend, if your bowl were Bellona's own
You couldn't look more out of date.
Those long-billed white storm-birds that hover above

Are as friendly to you as mankind:
The raven men seem to prefer to the dove,—
O idiots angry and blind!

In spite of my wisdom, in spite of your cheer,
Their folly and wrath cloud the close of the year.

Father Christmas.

Well, well, it is something to greet you again!
I shan't give up hope, nor will you.
There are one or two things to alleviate pain,
Though the general outlook seems blue.
I hear Charity's voice o'er the roar of these waves,

Like the sound of the bell-buoy at night;
The Love that inspires and the Labour that saves

Are not yet quite dead.—no, *not* quite.
They *don't* treat me well, my dear *Punchy*,
but still [will!
My message to Man shall be Peace and Good-

FATHER CHRISTMAS SEEN FARTHER.

So the children of Stranraer, educated by the Local School Board, are not allowed to have a holiday on the 25th of December! At a meeting of six members of this learned body, the question was put to the test of a division, when three representatives voted one way and three the other. Then the Chairman gave his casting vote, with the result above recorded! Who would not like to know this genial person at home at this merry season of the fast expiring year? Fancy the holly and the mistletoe, and the mince-pies and the plum-pudding! Stay, though, as the social reformer is a Scotchman, he probably has an effectual substitute for the usual Yule-Tide characteristics (decorative and edible) in Thistles!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—DECEMBER 28, 1889.



“GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS!”

(AT SEA IN HIS OWN BOWL.)

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXL. THE LORD CHANCELLOR AT 4, ENNISMORE GARDENS, S.W.

As you walk eastward skirting Hyde Park, and are temporarily lost in admiration of that priceless canopied monument raised to the memory of the PRINCE CONSORT, you reflect upon the fitness of things that marks your mission. In undertaking the last chapter of the first series of *Statesmen At Home* (back numbers and complete volume to be had on application to the publisher), you congratulate yourself on the, you may perhaps say, skilful manner in which you have led up to the very pinnacle of human greatness. You have passed through various stages, and at length you reach the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. Beyond this, save you touch the skirt of Royalty, you can no further go. Your host of to-day is the First Judicial Officer of the Crown, the first Lay Person of the State after the Blood Royal. He is created neither by writ nor patent, but by the mere delivery of the Great Seal into his custody. In like manner the act of taking away the Seal by the Sovereign determines the office.

Presently, as you sit with your host on the miniature Woolsack cosily cornered by the over-hanging eaves of the baronial fireplace in the well-proportioned dining-room, he cites a well-known case which shows how convenient this peculiarity of his high office might on occasion be. In that manner so familiar in the Law Courts and in the High Court of Parliament—a medley of grace and humour with the lightest touch as of softest zephyr—he laughingly recalls an incident which befel on the very threshold of his parliamentary career. Returned Member for Launceston, after suffering from the strokes of envy at various other constituencies unsuccessfully wooed, he at last came up to the Table of the House of Commons to take the Oath. Asked in ordinary form to produce the return to the Writ, Sir HARDINGE GIFFARD (as your host then was), dived in the breast-pocket of his coat, expecting to find the document there. But he found it not, and, the cynosure of the eyes of a crowded House, conscious of stopping its proceedings, he hunted in every pocket for the missing and necessary document. After a scene of growing hilarity on the part of a reckless Opposition, it was found under the Bench where the newly elected Solicitor-General had been seated before being called to the table. You have heard a shrewd judge of current events state his opinion that the incident, trivial as it might appear, had a marked influence upon the future career of the even then not youthful Solicitor-General. It was felt that a man with such infinite miscellaneous resources in and about his garments, such an armoury of pocket-knives, such a collection of bits of string, such numerous handkerchiefs, such an infinitude of scraps of paper, would never at any crisis be found lacking. You are glad to mention this favourable comment.

"Ah!" says your host, an ingenuous blush mantling his countenance, "you are always too good to me, TOBY, dear boy. Still I think it is just as well that neither writ nor patent is required in the matter of the creation of Lord Chancellor. It would not have done for me to come up and not be able to find my patent when demanded."

The LORD CHANCELLOR's table is littered with letters and telegrams, Flemish buffets are tenanted by a collection of Dutch pottery, and through the folding doors you catch a glimpse of the picture gallery with its unique collection of predecessors in office. There is a mezzotint in remarkable preservation of ARFARTUS (sometimes called HEREFAST), Chaplain to WILLIAM the CONQUEROR, and Bishop of ELMHAM, who was the first Lord Chancellor, having received, in 1067, the Seal which at this moment dangles from the watch-fob of your host. There is JOHN MORETON, Archbishop of Canterbury, temp. 1487, first of a succession of prelates, who also held the office of Lord Chancellor. The dark face of THOMAS MORE, first Lay Lord Chancellor, looks with softened expression on his illustrious successor of to-day. There, too, is FRANCIS BACON, EDWARD HYDE, Earl of CLARENDON; SIR FRANCIS NORTH, Lord GUILDFORD; Lord JEFFRIES of sanguinary memory; SIMON, Lord HARCOURT, forbear of a greater man who shines in the Victorian Age; GORDON and THURLOW, and ELDON and ERSKINE, LYNCHURST and BROUGHAM, CHELMSFORD and CAMPBELL—they all stand in line in the far-reaching gallery. As your host leads you adown the list you almost fancy that they do obeisance to a greater than any.

The *scelte* figure of your host is most familiar in the public eye in the performance of his functions as prorogator of the House of Lords and President of the Highest Court of Appeal. No happy stranger who has witnessed from the Gallery of the House of Lords the stately tread of your host as he marches in procession to the Woolsack can ever forget it, nor does there fade the memory of his gracious presence when, the Woolsack reached, he flings himself upon its broad bosom, and looks as if he were about to tell their Lordships the story of his life. But these ceremonial duties form only a portion of the mighty power wielded by HARDINGE STANLEY GIFFARD, first Baron HALSBURY, Lord High Chancellor of England. The office having, as mentioned, been in early times filled by ecclesiastics, the Lord Chancellor became keeper of his Sovereign's conscience, and, by an odd coincidence, he concurrently exercises a general superintendence as Guardian over infants, idiots, and lunatics. He has the appointment of all Justices of the Peace in the Kingdom, is Visitor in the Sovereign's right of all Royal Foundations, and is patron of all Crown livings under the value of twenty marks.

"A great responsibility for a family man, TOBY, is this unlimited patronage. One always tries to do his best, but there are bickerings within and contumely without which modify the satisfaction with which one hears that a Crown living has fallen in, or that a desirable place in connection with the Courts of Justice is vacant."

Your host is still talking of the drawbacks of his high position, when the sight of his carriage reminds him that he is already due at the House of Lords. You thread your way through the wealth of furniture—the Empire Candelabra

in old bronze and ormolu, the enormous Georgian dish in *repoussé* work, the row of venerable matchlocks from the Kremlin, the copies of *Songs before Sunrise* in hand-made paper, the Welsh dower-chests, the corner cupboard blackened with age, the Persian rugs now a little faded, and the Lisle posset pots—with difficulty avoiding contact.

"Very pleasantly crowded here," you say, by way of adieu.

"Yes," says your host. "I am, above all things, a family man, and whenever a place is vacant, I lose no time in filling it up to the best advantage."

[END OF SERIES I.]

"HANSON IS AS HANSON DOES!"

Notes of Exclamation by Our Mud-larky Contributor.



MIND HOW YOU SHOOT!

(Mr. Punch's Friendly Tip to the Strikers.)

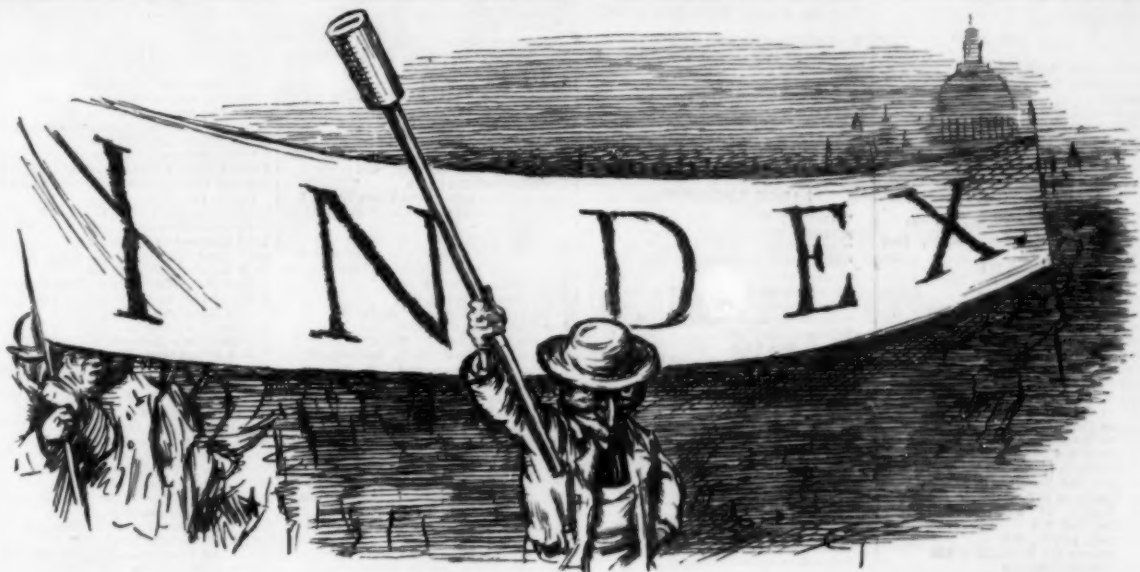
"ALL of a row, Bend the bow,
Shoot at the pigeon and kill—the crow!"
So goes the old doggerel. Labour take heed!
For a moral for you may be found in this screed.
All of a row, you may freely combine,
And bend Union's bow, and shoot all in a line.
But, bowmen, beware lest you shoot in the dark
Of impetuous passion, and hit the wrong mark.
Combination is good; and, to better your lot
A rational Strike may be called a "good shot."
But to blaze out all round, or to shoot the wrong bird
May prove to be something much worse than absurd.
Against the Monopoly pigeon arrayed,
All of a row You may bend the bow,
But mind you don't wing t'other bird.—British Trade!
If to make wages high you sound Commerce bring low,
You'll have "shot at the pigeon and killed the crow!"

ARTIN PASHA, commissioned by the Palace party at Constantinople to get rid of the Foreign Postal Department, has found the whole affair a very disarting business.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 13.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



ACHES and Bains, 133
 Act of Uniformity (An), 231
 "Adieu!" 232
 Advice Gratia, 159
 Affecting Meeting (An), 6
 "After the Opera is Over," 88
 After the Saucy Salmon, 132
 A Laguerre comme à Laguerre, 149
 All in Play, 111
 All of a Row, 109
 All Work and No Play, 309
 Among the Amateurs, 268
 Another Angelus, 156
 Answers to Correspondents, 25, 61, 75, &c.
 Appropriate Subject, 160
 "Argumentum ad Pocketum," 42
 "Atty on the Battle of Life, 144
 At Boiling Point, 88
 At the Albert Hall, 9
 BALLAD of the Three Years' System (A), 297
 Ballads of To-day, 245
 Banging "into the Brown," 146
 Bedded Out, 13
 "Beggars my Neighbour!" 174
 "Between You and Me and the Post,"
 136, 145
 Big Battle Picture (A), 206
 Birds and Bonnets, 197
 Black and Tan, 179
 Brazilian News, 262
 Burst! 216
 CAVE Canem! 220
 Cheap Scotch Tour (A), 258
 Check! 18
 Ches Madame Tussand, 150
 Christmas as it is to be in Chester Work-
 house, 259
 Chrysanthemum, 224
 Closing Chorus and Finale (A), 242
 Comfort in a Storm, 213
 Coming Ninth (The), 210
 Concerning, more or less, the Ninth of
 November, 225
 "Confound their Politics!" 138
 Contemporaneous, 178
 "Cooped Up!" 198
 County Councils, 13
 Court Shifts, 195
 Cricket on the Bench (The), 101
 Qui Bono? 81
 Curious Association of Ideas, 221
 Our "Loafers" Vocatur? 177
 "DABBY and Joan," 38
 Dead Heart Alive! 173
 Definition (A), 179
 De Omnibus Rebus, 97
 Devonian Period (A), 112, 134, 136, &c.
 Disinterested Counsel, 26
 Dispassionate Shepherd to his Love
 (The), 185
 "Divining Rod" (The), 185
 Dr. Farrar's "Brotherhood," 179
 Duke's Lesson (The), 291
 Dutch Doctor (The), 185
 ECCENTRIC Art Revival, 185
 Egyptian Find (An), 9
 End of an Act (The), 28
 "England as he Lived," 118

"English as she Wrote," 148
 English—as she may be Talked in French,
 23
 Essence of Parliament, 11, 24, 36, &c.
 Etton Loafers' Diary (An), 165
 Evelyn's Hope, 47
 Examination Paper for the Dull Season, 88
 Ex Anthologia, 204
 Excalibur! 290
 Exception (An), 185
 Extract from a Conscientious County-
 Councillor's Diary, 178
 FACE to FACE! 114
 Fair and Free, 68
 False Note from Henley (A) 11
 False Start (A), 157
 Farewell to the Forest, 120
 Feast of Reason (A), 177
 Fens and Pens, 101
 Fiat Justitia! 64
 Fiction of the Season, 203
 First Lord's Song (A), 279
 Fish Out of Water, 120
 Fiats and Gloves; or, The Old Style and
 the New, 252
 Foli (The), 77
 Forecast—say, for this Time Next Year
 (A), 287
 Forewarned, 179
 Forthcoming Novelty, 168
 French Hospitality, 255
 Friar Farrar's Chant, 16
 Friends (?) of Education, 270
 Frocks in France, 126
 From Our Court Newsman, 178
 From Paris to London, 190
 From St. Pancras to Portsmouth, 54
 From the Adelphi to Drury Lane, 161
 From the Merry Moors, 119
 Furs, 178
 GAOING the Dramatist, 166
 General and Particular, 45
 "Gibbling," 230
 Good-bye, Summer! 149
 Good for Hymn, 137
 Good Musician (The), 267
 Good-Night to the Season, 73
 "Good Old Christmas!" 306
 Government by Plebiscite, 87
 Grandolph's Reply to the United King-
 dom Alliance, 216
 Great Art Street, 237
 Grievance at the Grosvenor (A), 166
 Guiding Stars, 220
 HAMPERING Hymns, 291
 "Hansom is as Hansom does," 263
 Harding's Annals, 239
 Haunted Houses, 255
 Head or Tail? 133
 Heads and Tails, 58
 Heard in the Crowd, 49
 Hexley-Spenser Controversy (The), 236
 Hint to Readers (A), 291
 "History Made Easy," 341
 Holiday Task Reform, 103
 Holiday Wisdom, 128
 Honour to whom Honour is due, 180
 "Hoo Case" (The), 261

Hopeless, 13
 Horsemanship and Chairmanship, 204
 How he Managed it, 232
 How we Struck at Our School, 184
 I'm a Bore! 86
 Imperial Measures, 120
 Impromptu, 21
 In a Sea of Troubles, 109
 Institute of Painters in Oil (The), 221
 Interested Supporters, 194
 Interesting Fragment (An), 174
 "In the Heat of the Moment," 136
 In Two Pieces, 279
 Irrepressible for the Criminal Uncaught
 Guide, 57
 Jester's Joust (The), 50
 Joseph in Egypt, 246
 Journal of a Rolling Stone, 244, 280, 304
 Junketing, 40
 Justice Abroad at Home, &c., 201
 Kaiser at Athens (The), 220
 "Keep up the Christopher!" 273
 King in the Palace (The), 165
 "Lassy in Our Abley," 219
 Landing the not-over-particular Pike, 134
 Large Fortunes for Everybody, 205
 Lase of Fashion (The), 204
 Last Chat at Wimbledon (The), 29
 Late Love-Song (A), 166
 Latest from the Law Courts, 249
 "La Tosca," 290
 (Law) Court Lady (A), 232
 Law for the Lawyers, 102
 L. O. G. Prospects, 222
 Leaf from Pro-Fane History (A), 110
 Leeds Festival, 183
 Legitimate Grievance (A), 217
 "Lena" at the Lyceum, 35
 Liberties of Licence (The), 159
 Lion and his Friends (I) (The), 66
 London Council Committees, 221
 London County-Councils, 23, 41
 London Impressionists, 277
 Lord Tennyson's Drawings, 81
 Love à la Mode, 121
 Luxury for Paupers, 280
 Lyceum Pit, 207
 Magic of Music (The), 51
 Making History, 200
 Mammon's Martyr, 45
 Mansfield College, 198
 Man's Shadow cast in the Haymarket (A),
 153
 "Man who said he was Sala" (The), 195
 "Maria Wood," or Firewood? 167
 Master of Ceremonies (A), 147
 Medical Owl (A), 260
 Medicine and Music, 83
 Mems. from the Note-Book of a Distin-
 guished Foreigner, 4
 "Merry Margit" as it is, 141
 Mischievous Monkey (The), 278
 Mean of the Station-Master (The), 240
 "Modus Operandi," 5, 17, 29, &c.
 Most Annoying, 25
 Mr. Punch's Model Music-hall Songs, 49, 64
 Mr. Punch's Moral Music-hall Dramas,
 261, 292

"Murmur of the Shell" (The), 121
 Music at the Gloucester Festival, 129
 Mystery of a City Dinner (The), 269
 "Nasty One!" (A), 3
 New Act Wanted (A), 228
 New Champion of Ceres (The), 85
 New Crusade (The), 258
 Newest Gallery (The), 294
 Newest Thing in Cycles (The), 268
 New Lord Mayor (The), 173
 New Nursery Rhyme, 21
 New Secret Society, 147
 New "Teacher's Assistant" (A), 193
 Next Session's Programme, 168
 "Nichts twa wi' the Shah," 16
 Night at the Garrick (A), 298
 Ninth (The), 231
 No More Safes, 213
 Northerly, 210
 Not at Home, 77
 Note from Pump-handle Court (A), 45
 Notes from the British Association, 153
 Nothing like Lather, 231
 Not in the Newspapers, 15
 Not so Mad as we Seem, 85
 Novel Medicine (A), 119
 Nursery Forecast (A), 85
 Nursery Rhyme, 187
 Nursery Rhyme for the Breakfast-Table
 (A), 115
 "Nuts for Them," 209
 Odd Association, 166
 Ode, 205
 Of the Turf Turfy, 138
 Old Form of Consumption (An), 150
 Old Punchkin's Predictions for 1890, 261
 One Word More, 39
 Only One! (The), 57
 On the Westminster Playground, 294
 Open House, 68
 Orpheus Iulla Cerberus, 186
 "Othello's Occupation's Gone," 222
 Our Bill for London Improvements, 1
 Our Booking-Office, 5, 17, 28, &c.
 Our Exchange and Mart, 28, 59
 Our Maritime Representative all at Sea, 73
 "Out in the Cold!" 78
 Out with "the Queen's," 245
 PAR about the Bar (A), 5
 "Pas de Quatre," 163
 Pastors on Castors, 33
 Penses pour Plunket, 29
 Percival Leigh, 213
 Picking up the Pieces, 288
 Pill for "The Pillars" (A), 89
 Plague of Darkness (A), 194
 Playful Proceedings, 4
 Playground in the Avenue (The), 285
 Play-time, 12, 13, 37
 Pleasant Duty (A), 64
 Pleasant Prospect in Holiday-time, 137
 Poetic Licences, 203
 Police Intelligence Extraordinary, 192
 Poll of his Heart (The), 88
 Post on Toast (The), 27
 Probable Table-turning, 143
 Prophecy and Profit, 184
 Prothalamium, 63

"Puff of Wyndham" (A), 73
 "Pulex Irritans," 66
 Punch's Prizes, 205
 Punch to the Post Laureate, 83
 Puzzled! 95
 Puzzle-headed, 150
 Puzzle-headed People Series, 167
 Questions! 47
 Quite Playful, 189
 RACING the "Record," 226
 Radical's Lament (The), 59
 Rail at a Railway System, 159
 Ready! ay Ready! 27
 Real "Grain Elevator" (A), 232
 Real Grievance Office (The), 60
 Real Musical Treat (A), 299
 Real "Vegetable" Conference (A), 166
 "Recreations of a (Welsh) Country Parson," 109
 Research at Cambridge, 212
 Rescued! 282
 Retort Courteous (The), 160
 Reverendus Redivivus, 4
 Rhyme at Rain, 59
 Robert and the Star, 21
 Robert at Olympia, 245
 Robert at the Spanish Kibishun, 155
 Robert Browning, 228
 Robert in the Park, 61
 Robert on Epping Forest, 240
 Robert on Present Times, 300
 Robert on the River, 105
 Robin (The), 299
 Rod and (Hard) Lines, 250
 Rose-leaves and Revolution, 257
 Royal Society of British Artists (The), 255
 Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours (The), 265
 Royalty and Revolt, 256
 SAMBROS among the Philistines, 220
 Scarcely Small-Talk, 255
 Scarcely Intended, 147
 "Scenes of Our Childhood," 204
 Seasonable Ditty (A), 297
 Sewer Gas-tritis, 101
 Sex's Answer to Mrs. Stopes (The), 147
 Shah, N.B. (The), 48
 Shamrock Fuzzle (The), 234
 Shocking Bad Hand (A), 27
 Signal to Stop (A), 41
 Sir Frederick's Latest, 293
 So Like Him, 48
 Somebody's Diary, 279
 "Something in the City," 255
 Something like a Meeting, 276
 Something like a Resuscitation, 138
 Something too Little, 77
 Song of Slaughter (A), 225
 Sound Doctrine for Dock Directors, 150
 Stanzas for Sardons, 228
 Startling Apperition, 228
 Statesman at Home, 204, 214, 227, &c.
 Still Barnumming! 234
 Stranded, 114
 Strange Pair of Pets (A), 210
 Strawberries and Cream, 63
 Striking Observations, 185
 Strong Entertainment (A), 300
 Strong Man last Week (The), 174
 Sub Punch-and-Judice, 23
 Sugar and Lead, 149
 "Sommus like a Bell," 5
 Sur la Plage, 85
 Survival of the Fittest (A), 129
 "Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer!" 161
 Symposium (A), 159
 TAILOR quite at Sea (The), 98
 Taken as Red, 145
 Temperate Butler (A), 98
 "Tis Good to be Murray and Wise," 221
 "There's many a Slip," 98
 Those dreadful Doctors! 275
 Three Judges (The), 194
 To a Fair Nicotian, 197
 To a Rising Star, 9
 Tollers of the Sex, 242
 Tommy on Museums, 265
 Transval Transformation, &c., 102
 "Truth will out!" 163
 Turned to Account, 45
 "Twas a Glorious Victory —and Adversity," 228
 Two Sides to a Question, 294
 United Services (The), 74
 Unlimited Water-loo, 304
 Unmerited Aspersions, 81
 Untitled, 98, 109, 121, &c.
 Up-hill Work, 231
 Up to Town in the Dead Season, 156
 "Ur-Bye" as it is, 122
 V.A.R. Wimbledon! 23
 Venusula, 249
 Venus Popularis, 61
 Verb. Sap., 120
 Very Ingenious! 120
 Very Last of the Naval Manœuvres, 101
 Voces Populi, 25, 71
 WAX-WORKERS at Play, 100
 "We" at Sea, 162
 What it has nearly come to, 17

What it may come to in Berlin, 178
 What Mr. Punch's Moon Saw, 41, 69, 77, &c.
 What will they do with it? 254
 "When you come to think of it," 20, 201
 Whip behind! 64
 Whirligig of Time (The), 25
 Whispers from Windsor, 4
 Who Cares! 69
 Wonders of the Chair, 69
 Word from the Mouth of the Bourne, 267
 Worth Seeing, 145
 "You are old Father William," 169

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

"ADIEU!!!" 228
 Affecting Meeting (An), 7
 "Argumentum ad Pocketum," 43
 "Beggar my Neighbour!" 175
 Check! 19
 Chez Madame Tussaud, 151
 "Come back to Erin!" 163
 "Confound their Politics!" 139
 "Cooped Up!" 199
 Face to Face! 115
 Friends (?) of Education, 271
 "Good Old Christmas!" 207
 Guinea-Fowl that Lays the Golden Eggs (The), 127
 Joseph in Egypt, 247
 Lion and his Friends (?) (The), 97
 New Crusade (The), 259
 Orpheus — Bismarck lulls Cerberus to Sleep, 187
 "Out in the Cold!" 79
 "Pas de Quatre," 163
 Rescued! 282
 Rival Pets (The), 211
 Shamrock Fuzzle (The), 235
 Supporters of the Crown, 31
 "There's many a Slip!" 90, 91
 Threatened Plague of Darkness (The), 295
 Visiting Grandmamma, 55

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ADDITIONAL Figures for Tussaud's, 45
 Admiral's Tableaux (The), 99
 Ancient Legislator debates Land Transfer Bill, 2
 Anticipations of the Lyceum Revival, 149
 'Arry's Nap on the Steam-boat, 162
 Bagging a Hare at the Poulterers', 170
 Baritone minding his Baby (A), 42
 Bishop and Hunting Man riding, 23
 Bishop's Daughter at a Dance, 198
 Bismarck's "Happy Dispatch," 269
 "Bolt from the Blue" (A), 213
 Botanical Gardener and the Artist, 51
 Boulanger in a London Cloud, 76
 Brown's Seaside Resort Difficulty, 65

Brown's Vicious New Marc, 205
 Buying an Engagement Ring, 207
 Cardinal Manning and Wind-raisers, 137
 Caricaturist Headman (The), 129
 Chamberlain shooting at Gladstonian Birds, 146
 Chaplin and Ceres, 85
 Clergyman and Farmer's Tithes, 95
 College Principal and Undergraduate, 267
 Collier out on Strike (A), 83
 Cook's Tourist Office, 70
 Counterfeit Coiner before Magistrate, 231
 "Culture in Ole Virginny," 204
 Cyclist's Skeleton (A), 5
 Dancing Man introduced Three Times, 3
 Difference between a Widow and a Widow, 293
 Diffident Young Man at a Dance, 178
 Distinguished Foreigner alone in Row, 7
 Doctor who Knows the Burial Service, 78
 Dog drawing a Coster, 197
 Dog's Respirator (A), 213
 Draughting in the Law Courts, 207
 Dutch Nursemaid Skating, 282
 "Earlwood Totter" (The), 47
 Ecclesiastical Fashions for Ladies, 147
 Effectually Killing a Bird, 111
 Eton Boy, and his Tutor, 165
 Fashionable Lady Patient, 305
 Fit of a Lady's Dress (The), 279
 Football Players and Old Gent, 246
 French Lady Caneist (A), 138
 Frenchman at Hunting Breakfast, 258
 Frenchman's Hunter and a Stone Wall, 201
 French Scaffold and English Dock, 105
 Gen. Gladstone on the Battle-Field, 206
 Gentlemen of the Training-Table, 263
 Girton Lady ordering a Crisp, 270
 G.O.M. on the Eiffel Tower, 145
 Groom and Hard-riding Lady, 141
 Guinness's Gift to the Poor, 254
 Gus's Reason for leaving City early, 239
 Hairdressing Adonis (A), 242
 Harcourt's Figure, 216
 Henley Aquatic Carnival, 10
 "Hidden Hand" (The), 171
 Highland Farmer's Cairn of Stones, 183
 Horse on a Rough Voyage, 102
 Hospital Patient's Drink (A), 219
 Hotel Terrier and Lady Tourist, 23
 Housemaid and the New Pictures, 174
 Hunter's Armour for Cutting Fences, 261
 Hunting v. Shooting, 177
 Infant Musician of the Future, 135
 Inconceivable Applause at a Swell Concert, 294
 Japanese Sunshades for Electric Light, 30
 Jester and the Knights (The), 60
 Jibbing Horse crossing a Stream, 81
 Johannesburg the Golden, 163
 Jones studying Miss Vane's Waist, 71
 Judge and Persistent Junior Counsel, 11
 Jumping Over a Huntsman's Hat, 297

Ladies laughing at a Foodie's antics, 11
 Ladies' Questions about Cricket, 87
 Latest Cabinet Portrait (The), 132
 Lawn at Goodwood (The), 58
 L.C.C. minding their own Business, 82
 Leaping a Furze-Bush on a Common, 60
 "Leviathan Bat" (The), 109
 Lightning Sketch of the Opera, 24
 Little Boy bitten by a Dog, 27
 Little Dorothy declines another Dance, 150
 Little Ethel's Enemies, 195
 "Little Stowaway" (The), 252
 Little Tittups's Hunting Mount, 285
 London Empty—East, 142; North, 119; South, 180; West, 154
 Lord Chancellor's Head (The), 310
 Lord Granville's Head, 191
 Lord Harrington's Head, 251
 Lord Randolph Churchill's Head, 262
 Lord Salisbury's Head, 179
 Lovers' late "Good-night!" (The), 63
 M'Cupid playing the Wedding Pipes, 4
 Medical Mackintosh (The), 73
 Meeting in a Long Lane, 306
 Miss Tabitha's choice of Muzzles, 159
 M.P.'s Flying away Home, 107
 Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's Golden Wedding, 35
 Mr. Balfour on the Moors, 123
 Mr. Balfour's Head, 238
 Mr. Chamberlain's Head, 226
 Mr. Gladstone's Head, 167
 Mr. Goschen's Head, 202
 Mr. Parnell's Head, 274
 Mr. Punch at Home, 46
 Mr. Punch's Notes of the Months, 14, 62, 116, 158, 218, 266, 302
 Mrs. B. and her Husband's Slippers, 73
 Mr. W. H. Smith's Head, 214
 Music-hall Proprietor—two Studies, 190
 Muzzling the Cat, 50
 Naval Captain driving Tandem, 249
 Nervous Invalid a Sympathetic Friend, 117
 Nervous Rider gives Horse in Charge, 18
 New Royal Admiral and Colonel (The), 7
 Noble Landlord and overstocked Farmer, 35
 Our Artist Paints for Amateur Friend, 291
 Our Curates, 97
 Our Model Village, 94
 Our Philanthropist in Shilling Gallery, 250
 Our Theatrical Children, 28
 Page and the Poulterer (The), 166
 Patent Omnibus Netting, 232
 Paterfamilias's Married Daughters, 243
 Patient who only relies on Physic, 255
 Peasant or Rabbit? 244
 Photographs: 'Arry on Horseback, 69
 Policemen and the Fine Baby, 222
 Poodle pulling Lion's Tail, 26
 Popular Hostess's Door-Bell (A), 6
 Portuguese Monkey and the Map, 278
 Prof. Snoodle and Seaside Musician, 122
 Proposing on a See-Saw, 210
 Pugilistic Matches, 257
 Punch and Toby at Kensington Gardens, 1
 Putting Spinster's Refusal on Paper, 169
 Puzzles at Evening Party, 234
 Real Rouge-Dragon (The), 215
 Resembling the G. O. M., 61
 Result of Seeing the Shah, 18
 Rev. Quiverful's Suggestion to Mrs. Q., 189
 Riding at Water, 228
 Rip van Drinkle's Adventures, 280
 Rosebery, the L. C. C. Chairman, 230
 Royal Ranger's Exultation (The), 57
 Runaway Tithes Bill Pig (The), 105
 Selmon Reel and Line for Huntsmen, 237
 School-Board Excelior (The), 290
 Scotch Farmer and Ticket Collector, 98
 Seeing Niagara in London, 119
 Shah and Otello (The), 5
 Shah's Impressions (The), 22
 Shooting at a Gap in the Hedge, 181
 Sir Gorgius and his Crysanthemums, 226
 Sir W. Harcourt's Head, 227
 Speaker's Head (The), 236
 Special Correspondents with the Fleet, 88
 Splashed by a Haddock, 309
 Strike in the Nursery (A), 214
 Switchback on Repairing Roadways, 220
 Taking Mrs. Masham down to Supper, 54
 Taking One of Two Sisters in to Dinner, 15
 Tennis Player at the Golf Links, 39
 Theatrical Fairies in House of Lords, 46
 Three Judges (The), 194
 Tommy goes back to School, 145
 Tommy quotes "This Little Pig," &c., 196
 Torpedo Lieutenant's Dream of Evolution (A), 118
 Two Phases of Golf, 309
 Ventilation at the Law Courts, 275
 Waiter offering a Little Duck, 155
 Waiting at the Dieppe Bathing Casino, 126
 Wanting to be a Hospital Nurse, 267
 Wanting to Shoot a Fox, 275
 Watering Streets during Rain, 192
 Weather-Glass Imposter (The), 124
 Wimbledon Whims, 37
 "Winging" a Bird and Catching it, 184



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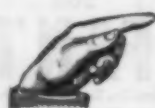
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